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"12 FOOT" DAVIS

So far as the word of history goes it would seem easier to achieve fame through an epitaph than by ruling your own spirit or even taking a great city. Perhaps is too much to say that more men live in history by reason of their epitaphs than by their deeds in life; but the fact that many men of wholly obscure achievements hold a place in history only by reason of the quality of their epitaphs must strike even the most casual reader. Then, too, that the maker of the epitaph is so often wholly unknown gives an edge to the truth. Part of this truth probably is that the author, losing himself in the joy of creation, raises the artisan into the artist.

Some such thing must have happened in the case of "12-Foot" Davis. Today he lives only in his epitaph and in the memories of a handful who were of his company fifty-odd years ago about the Edmonton of that time, or an occasional old-timer at a northern outpost. But from the words of these you come away seeing a man who, though wholly illiterate and unschooled in any of the nice arts of life, had within the tough fibre of his body an undaunted soul of fine temper and a quenchless thirst for adventuring.

The Peace is a noble stream, a river fairer than all the rivers of the west, the queen of all rivers that run between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, out of which, aeons ago, it burst its way, mad with desire to find the Arctic seas, making for itself a canyon-path through sheer rock-wall lifting hundreds of feet on either hand. But once out, its anger spent, like a hot youth arrived at reflective poise, it broadens its bosom into tranquility, and when you come to it on its lower reaches, knowing not its turbulent birth, you see it moving through its spacious valley, peaceful, unhurried, flowing somewhere safe to sea.

Coming to the town of Peace River the Peace turns somewhat sharply northward and veering north and westward, the town lying cupped in the southeast corner of its elbow. The valley-heights here are some seven or eight hundred feet high. Turning your back to the course of the river you will see the rim of the valley-heights gather into a knoll or hill, lifted up from the general line. From its top you face a moving prospect whichever of the four winds is blowing in your face. But west or south holds you longest. You see now, pressing what might be the bastions of your tower, the Smoky coming from its crooked south-west course to join the Peace, and from the south, the smaller Heart, almost shrinkingly, like some poor relation, brings its waters to the mightier flow of its more opulent sisters on their journey to the great waterways of the north.

On this hilltop, in a little enclosed plot, "12-Foot" lies buried as was his wish, for from this spot after the ice break-up of the rivers he used to watch for the first spring traffic downstream. But it's the epitaph on the small head-stone, shaped like a tree stump, that stirs you into musing: *Jonathan Davis, born in Vermont* 1820*; died at Slave Lake* 1893. *Trader, trapper, pathfinder, prospector,*

explorer, sportsman, gentleman. He was a friend to man and he never locked his cabin door."

It is now nearly twenty years since I first stood there and read, but from that day I was smitten with an immense curiosity to know of the man, who, whatever his fortune in life, could have wished to lay himself down at the end in such a sweet and desirable resting-place, and from those who laid him down could command such a rich legacy of epitaph.

Here and there, from this one and that, odds and ends were picked up and put together. Other than his time and place of birth, the first half of the life of "12-Foot" must needs be pure conjecture of mine. He came from the California gold-fields to the Cariboo district of British Columbia shortly after the gold-strike there in 1858; so, perhaps it is not too fanciful an imagining to suppose that in his early manhood he was one of the tide moving steadily westward in the United States; or he may have been swept from his Vermont hills by the great wave that rolled Californiawards after the gold discoveries there in 1849. In height Davis was only some five feet six inches. I had fancied that he had been called "12-Foot" from that comic sense of inversion common to the school boy and the outpost type. But no. Charlie Clover, who washed gold with him and Jimmie Gibbons on the bars of the Saskatchewan river, about where the Canadian National Railways bridge now crosses, and after whom the Bar is named (I suppose it should be Clover's Bar), told of the christening of "12-Foot". Clover was at the Cariboo field when Davis came overland from California. Davis had come late in the rush, and as the field was small all likely claims had been filed on by the time of his arrival. A ledge some twelve feet long projecting into the canyon had been passed over by all and on this Davis filed, and from that time "12-Foot" Davis was his name. The Cariboo field was soon exhausted, and at its end "12-Foot" and Clover worked their way over the mountains, coming by what is now Rocky Mountain House pass and down to Edmonton. Here they stayed for a year or two washing gold in the Saskatchewan, but very soon "12-Foot" turned his face up-river and into the mountains. Pushing northward he came to the headwaters of the Peace, and on it and its lower waters he stayed to the end. In the latter days he kept a trading post at Slave Lake, where he died as recorded in his epitaph.

Many a quaint tale is told of him. Always unable to read or write and for some time toward the end, blind, he still managed to get through his trading transactions. His formal educational equipment was a knowledge of figures from 1 to 9 as well as the 0, and thus in a simple way he was able to do what arithmetic his business called for. But his inability to read and write "12-Foot," for reasons of social prestige, always hid from the half-breeds and Indians with whom he traded chiefly, and he always kept a few printed books about him which he turned over with great gravity when they were about. By a camp-fire, one night, an ex-manager of a Hudson's Bay Company post related to me how, when he was stationed at Dunvegan in '84, winter having set in and his supplies having been delayed in coming through, he had sent a noted half-breed deer-runner down river to "12-Foot's" trading post to ask for some candles of which the manager had run short. Not knowing Davis personally, he gave his messenger a note dated December 3, in which he set out his request. On its delivery "12-Foot" examined it critically for some time for the benefit of the halfbreed bearer, though its only intelligible part was the figure 3. After due scrutiny "12Foot" said to the messenger in Cree: "3 bottles of rum, eh?" "Yes, yes," replied that happy warrior, and with his freight far more precious than candles, was soon on his return. My manager-friend told me that his runner came back two days sooner than he was expected, having made the return trip in the fastest time known. It was not until the following spring, while visiting Davis' post, that he learned why rum in-

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CLOTTED BLOOD

A Rushin' Novel

Anushka Petrushka Petropavlovska sat weeping over the open drain. Obscene slobberings soughed out of the cellar floor, as from the blubber thick lips of indecency. Anushka Petrushka Petropavlovska wept.

"Oh, God, may her entrails rot! May she putrefy. Twenty hairs, God, and she will not give them to me. Twenty hairs, God, is all I want. May she stink! Anushka, do you hear? You will stink! Give me twenty hairs—only twenty. . . ."

"Ah, Anushka, your hair is so beautiful. It is like night. It is like coiled snakes. It is like black night. Anushka, it is as heavy as gold, but it is more beautiful than gold. It runs through my fingers like melted fat. Anushka, your hair is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is like the river at night. Just twenty hairs, Anushka?"

"Why did God make fire, Anushka? It burns and hurts everything it touches. . . . Give me twenty hairs, Anushka, and I will play to you about fire. I will play about the flames of hell and scorching flesh. I am hungry, Anushka, when will you make the stew? I will play about pain and the feel of a burning body. Ah, believe me, I know how. But your hair, Anushka is cool and like a bath in oil. It will never burn like the other did. Your hair is the most wonderful hair there is. The other was white horse hair, and burnt through as soon as the candle fell on it. . . ."

"I shall give you a song about the night. The night that is black and heavy like your hair; the night when the marsh mists blot out the moon and the stars. But I cannot play if you do not give me twenty hairs. Just twenty hairs for my bow is all I want, Anushka. What are twenty hairs to you? You have thousands. O God, make her give me twenty hairs. I must play. I have not played for two days now. I must play or I will burst. I feel it growing in me. Anushka, do you hear? I shall explode like a bomb, and then what good will your hair be to you? You will be in pieces."

"O Father, the slut will not listen. You know she is the filth of the streets. But twenty hairs will not spoil her good looks. Anushka, there are grey hairs in the black over your ears. Let me pull them out. You must not look old, Anushka."

"What has made you so cruel, Anushka? You will grow ugly if you treat me like this. Your hair is slimy. It is like stretched, blood-hungry leeches. It is the colour of birds that eat dead things. It is like the bellies of carrion beetles. Give me twenty hairs, I tell you!"

"Anushka, how quickly you can peel potatoes! You must have sharpened the knife. Lend it to me. I have a long nail on my thumb. It is not good to have such a long nail."

"Ah, yes. It is a fine knife. It is sharp. Do you feel it on your throat? You would not give me twenty hairs—only twenty hairs out of so many. And I must have twenty hairs, and there is no money to buy them. I feel the strength of music shaking me, and I must use it."

"God pardon me. You know my need. It is warm and sticky like sugar water. Ah, the leeches will not be hungry now. Not now. Three, seven, eight, fourteen —nineteen—twenty."

Geoff. Hewelcke.

THE COUNTRY WEEKLY

Presumably, all literature is written for one or more of three purposes—to instruct, to amuse, to entertain—although it is only too sadly true that plenty of what is written fails lamentably in all three departments. Newspaper literature (if one dare call it such) is, in its way, on exactly the same basis as all other writings, in any and every language. The purpose of every editor, whether of the metropolitan daily or of the village weekly, is to instruct his readers in the news of the day—or of the week, as the case may be. At odd intervals an editor makes attempts to amuse and entertain his readers, sometimes with happy results, sometimes otherwise.

In all essentials of newspaper production, there is no difference whatever between the functions of the city daily and the country weekly; there is no difference in their respective responsibilities; but there is a difference in the degree in which these functions and responsibilities are made effective. The one is supposed to deal, broadly, with world news, items of international interest, giving detailed reports of interesting occurrences and persons. The other is confined to a local field and is supposed to cover that field with the same energy, the same attention to detail, the same "nose" for interesting items, that come within its sphere.

The country weekly, however, is in a class by itself with respect to intimacy with its readers. In the small town and throughout the countryside adjacent, everybody knows everybody else, and the one least known is he who collects and edits the news items respecting his friends, neighbors and others within his community. The function of the country weekly is to collect and publish community news—using proper discretion—in exactly the same way as the city reporter gathers his items from day to day. The responsibility of the country weekly is, within its narrow bounds, the same as that of the city daily, intensified somewhat by the fact that the editor of the country weekly has a first-hand, personal knowledge of matters on which he writes—something frequently denied his city brother.

Perhaps some few generalizations, the outcome of a quarter century of country weekly experience, may serve to pad out an article which seemed to come to a logical end in the previous paragraph.

Thanksgiving approaches as this article is being tossed together, and it occurs to the writer that there are worse things—not many, but some—to be thankful for than publishing and editing a country weekly. There is a measure of happiness in being of service to one's community, in the knowledge that from week to week one's readers look for and appreciate his frequently poor enough stuff; there is even a satisfaction in knowing that if one makes an error, he has a thousand or so readers gleefully ready to point out the mistake and preen themselves on their acumen. Indeed, the writer has often deliberately made mistakes just to afford readers the satisfaction of making the corrections. Could human generosity go farther?

The editor of a country weekly is obliged to fulfil the Pauline injunction to "be all things to all men." He meets 'em all from the roughest "ruff-neck" to the smoothest, most polished and highly dignified scholars, judges and divines; from the 22-calibred township political organizer to the "Big Berthas," the Prime Ministers, Lieutenant-Governors and Governors-General; from the petty thief to the opulent bootlegger; from the freight handler to the railway President; and he is supposed to be able to hold his own with any of them, even in their favorite pastimes. There is no room for fear in the country editor's make up. He may be scared to death, but he dare not show it. His people expect him to hold his own in any society, from overalls to formal evening dress with white kid gloves and all. Surprisingly enough, a majority of the country editors get away with it, too.

Everything is grist that comes to his mill, but he has to exercise tact and skill

in grinding that grist. A country weekly newspaper editor who habitually indulges in harsh criticism of any person, group of persons or section of his community is only laying up grief for himself, to no good purpose. It is probably for that reason that so few country editors venture to write strictly editorial matter, for editorials cannot always convey tributes—once in a while the need arises for the black-jack and the brick-bat, and when an editorial is aiming at the reform of some abuse, the aim should be unerring and the slugging performed heartily and thoroughly. In doing this, it is not always necessary to select any individual to victimize, neither is it necessary to be vaguely general. One can, if skilful enough in the use of words, condemn the sin while loving the sinner. But many an editor has started a neighborhood ruction by ill-advised and overhasty editorial comment; from this arises, in all likelihood, a somewhat general reluctance of country editors to express an opinion on anything editorially. Added to this is the fact that successful editorial writing must be based on long experience, an expressive, if not wide, vocabulary and more than a little knowledge of the fundamental principles of rhetoric. Most country editors are graduates from the type-setting case and, while not lacking in the experience of handling the language, they cannot dovetail their thoughts together in a readable way. Hence their avoidance of anything beyond straight news items to fill their columns.

No attempt has been made herein to picture the difficulties which confront every weekly newspaper publisher and editor. Outside of producing his paper from week to week, he has plenty of worries connected with his business. Recent years have seen such a marked addition to production costs that few of the country weeklies are today on a paying basis. The result has been that in many towns, where formerly two papers existed, amalgamation has taken place and only one survives. It is now a recognized principle that towns of less than 3,000 population require but one weekly newspaper. From this it can be deduced that small towns and villages with less than 1,000 population do not form the best of "pickings" for a newspaper. Exceptions occur, of course, but the general deduction is correct.

Anyone contemplating life in the great open spaces as exemplified in the career of a weekly newspaper editor must prepare himself for plenty of hard work, some sacrifices, and numerous worries. But if the urge to do it is there and is backed by due preparation, there are worse lives than that of holding control of the publicity medium of a rural town and district community.

A. L. Horton.

NUT-AT-ALL

Growing on on oak tree
Were an acorn and a nut.
Nut was acorn; acorn, nut.
Statement true. Simple! But—
Said the acorn,
"You're a nut,
Simple nut."
"Nothing but
A nut are you," said the other
To his brother.
"Nut? I'm acorn!"
"Acorn? Nut!"
Squabble raged, each the butt
Of the other's "Acorn? Nut!"

Then a snowdrift covered both;
Both the acorn and the nut.
And the acorn, nothing loth,
Took protection from the nut:
"You're the acorn, I'm the nut,"
Was the burden of the song
Now that frost had come along.

But listen! Hark! Land o' Goshen!
Nuts are bursting. What commotion!
Snow is now a muddy lotion;
Washed the seed into a rut—
What's it now? Acorn? Nut?
Neither—but
An oak tree.
Non nihil est. Tut-tut!

—Contributed.

CLICHE

A Play in One Act

J. D. CORNWALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Esther, *an actress, of about twenty-two.*
Loma, *another actress, femme du monde.*
Jack, *a young actor playing "juveniles".*
George, *an Anglo-American, playing "heavies."*
Stevens, *a manager of Condell Shows.*

Time: *The Present.*

Scene: *The "green room," as George prefers to call it, of one of the Condell Tent Shows. At the right and rear, rise the canvas walls of the big tent. The left side is partitioned off only half-way down-stage. At this point, a set of steps, with railing, leads up to the stage. There is a landing at the top of the steps, and the passage-way to the stage runs straight back from this landing, enclosed on the other side by a wall of canvas which continues on down stage, completing the three walls. A slit in the canvas wall at the rear serve as exit to the out-of-doors. There are four small dressing tables scattered about the room, each with mirror, light, array of make-up materials, and accompanying folding chair. On other folding chairs are laid coats, dresses and costumery. There are several trunks, also, some open, some closed. On a couple of them can be discerned the words, "Condell Theatre—Rush," in red letters. On the canvas wall is pinned a large poster, the most conspicuous legend reading, "Condell Tent Shows, Entertainment for Discriminating People."*

A few moments before the curtain rises, the violins of the orchestra, muted, take up the theme of the song from the Rubaiyat, "Ah, Moon of My Delight," and play it softly. The curtain discovers George, seated at his table, attending to his makeup. He takes up the air of the song and sings it in a nasal tenor voice;— "Ah, moon of my delight, that knows no wane . . ." George is tall and lean, with large grey eyes and prominent features. He reminds one of Malvolio. He affects a waxed mustache. A burst of clapping is heard off L. It is the end of Act II of the evening's play. Enter from the stage L, Esther, a slim pretty girl of about twenty-two. She comes swiftly down the steps and across to her table, without looking at George, who continues to sing away to himself. Enter Jack, L. His step lacks the swiftness and surety of Esther's. He is just a boy, playing juveniles and male leads, a sensitive, emotional lad, lacking the air which experience of life brings, yet by no means callow. He is a creature of moods. He comes down stage C and stands watching Esther. She is aware of his gaze, and turns on him in anger.

Esther: Jack, what *does* make you act the way you do? Lord knows, I've done my best to play up and help you through, but you're getting worse every night. You used to do pretty good work—(*and she turns away from him*).

Jack (*hesitating, apologetic*): Why, Esther, I—I don't know—I don't think I've been wrecking things so awfully. You seem to find fault pretty easily. Jimmy said I was doing O.K for my first run.

Esther (*she is nervous, jumpy and irritable*): That was three weeks ago. You were all right when you started, but you've gone all to pieces lately. Your work is no good and you might as well know it!

Loma comes in from the stage L. She is tall, with a wealth of darkly-lustrous hair. She dresses exceedingly well; a woman of about thirty-five; a woman who has always been, and still is, attractive to men; a woman whose experience has given her an unstudied sophistication. George looks up and speaks to her in a slow drawl, through his cigarette-smoke.

George: I say, Loma, what about these two? Just finished loving each other on

the stage and come back here to quarrel like a pair of fighting cocks. Beats me!

Loma (*she smiles her wonderful smile*): Why, I must say it 'beats me,' too. But I don't think it's anything very serious—is it, Jack? (*She goes to her table and attends to her makeup, but watches the two young people closely, especially Jack.*)

Jack: Why no—no, of course not—that is—I——.

Esther: Oh, Loma, stop treating us like a couple of children. Anyway, it's our affair.

Loma (*suavity itself*): My dear, I wasn't trying to interfere.

Esther (*suddenly apologetic*): Oh, I know. I'm sorry, Loma.

George (*to Esther*): Just the same, sis, you seem to come down rather hard on the kid at times. Now, if I were Jack——

Esther (*interrupting*): But you're not! Incidentally, my parents did give me a Christian name.

George: Quite so. In fact, it's not only Christian, but Biblical as well, isn't it?

Esther (*to Jack, ignoring George*): Oh, I suppose I'm too touchy where the work is concerned. But Jack, you'd make it so much easier if you'd learn self-control. Tonight, now, in that doorway scene, the thing almost flopped because you lost your head.

Jack: Why, I didn't think——(*he pauses*).

Esther: No, you don't! That's the trouble. If only you'd use some restraint, some common-sense. You seem to have lost all that.

Jack: I say, Esther, that's putting it rather strong. I'll admit—I guess I'm not just up to the mark—I don't know why. I'm all at loose ends these days. But (*with a trace of anger*) I wish you wouldn't—well—(*he blurts it out*)—I wish you'd be a little more decent, that's all. (*He walks moodily over to the entrance rear, holds back the canvas and stares out into the moonlight-flooded night.*)

George: None o' my business, o' course, but you two love-birds might do well to carry on your billing and cooing somewhere else. Jimmy is apt to think a few things if he hears of your goings on. Suit yourself!

Esther turns to her own table, with a quick look of scorn at George, and attends to her makeup. George again takes up the song that is running through his head, "Ah, Moon of My Delight." He sings it in his nasal tenor. Jack, with moonlight flooding his eyes, grips the canvas harder and shuts his teeth. The irony of it!

Esther (*swiftly turning on George*): Oh, for God's sake, cut it!

(*Loma's eyebrows go up. Her suspicions are confirmed.*)

George (*in pained surprise*): Gosh, sis, you surely are touchy tonight. I fail to see——

Loma (*cutting in with her suave voice*): George, dear, don't bother Esther tonight. And—I say—you do know some other songs, don't you?

George: Sure thing, but what's the matter with that one? It's a perfectly respectable song—Omar Khayyam, you know. I've had it running through my head all evening. Can't get rid of it. But, of course, if you——

Loma (*with a smile*): Yes.—Quite.—

Stevens appears on the landing L. He is not the usual type of theatrical manager. He is small, wiry, with a thin face and a metallic voice. It is his voice more than anything else about him which "registers."

Stevens (*from the landing*): Curtain in two minutes. Make it snappy! (*He disappears.*)

Loma (*as she powders her face*): Jimmy is certainly a bear on detail, isn't he?

George: That's it! He can tolerate almost anything but inefficiency. (*He glances at Esther, who is also powdering. Loma glances at Jack who is changing his coat. She rises, and with her graceful walk, goes off up the step L to the stage.*

Loma (*pausing*): Coming, Jack?

Jack: Coming! (*He follows her off. George and Esther are alone.*)

George (*after a moment's cold silence, in a tone designed to convey sympathy*):

Not felling well, tonight, sis?—I mean Esther? (*He goes over and leans against her table.*)

Esther (*with a bit of a smile*): Oh, yes. I'm all right. I guess I'm awfully snappy with you people at times. But with Jack, now——

George (*generously*): Oh, forget Jack. We know how you feel.

Esther: Do you? I hardly think so.

George: Oh, sure we do—I do. Jack is a damn fool on the stage at times, and yet he's such a likeable chap you hate to be nasty with him. But there's no danger of the rest of us—of you and I—ever falling out. Really falling out, I mean. Is there?

Esther (*on the defensive*): Oh, I don't know. One can't tell.

George: You're awfully stand-offish.

Esther: Yes?

George: I say, Loma's a good sort, isn't she?

Esther: Is she?

George: Sure. She and I used to knock around a lot together. But she gets rather boresome after a while. Now if she had some of your qualities——

Esther: Well——?

George: Oh—nothing. (*Then, in the insinuating tone of the experienced masher*). I say, kid, how about a run out to King's Gardens next Sunday?

Esther (*sarcastically*): And get back about four a.m.! (*She rises and stands close to him, facing him.*) George, you and your miserable, condescending, egotistical, hypocritical airs make me sick. If you could only hear yourself! 'I say, kid'—Good Lord!

George (*apologetic*): Oh, well, I didn't mean to——

Esther (*interrupting*): Oh, no, you didn't mean to suggest another of your romantic two-some picnics where the girl has to listen for hours to your fine-spun male egotism. And you get such a kick out of road-houses, don't you? They seem so risqué!

George: Well, I don't think you need to——

Esther: Oh, shut up!

George is properly squelched, but he shrugs his shoulders, twirls his waxed mustache, looks in his mirror, sighs and hums the air of "Ah, Moon of My Delight" as he strolls off, with a glance as he goes at Esther's coldly turned back.

Jack comes in from L, walks swiftly down the steps, over to his table and sits down. He does not look at Esther. She rises, looks at him, and half starts toward him as if she were going to speak. But his broad back discourages her. Stevens appears at the landing.

Stevens: Your cue coming, Esther!

Esther exits L. Loma comes in from L. She also stops C, and watches Jack's back, then goes over to him. He doesn't look up.

Loma: Forget it, Jack. I know it's hard lines, but try to forget it.

Jack (*raising a face on which anxiety is plainly written*): Forget it? Forget what?

Loma (*with her wonderful smile which dazzles even the pre-occupied Jack*): Don't try to bluff *me*, dear boy. (*She shakes her head at him.*) Jack, the game's not worth the candle. She's a nice kid, but——(*she pauses*).

Jack (*rather harshly*): Well?

Loma: She isn't worthy of you.

Jack: Are you implying that I'm—well—in love with her?

Loma (*laughing softly*): Don't bluff, Jack, don't bluff! You're crazy about her, and she isn't worthy of you.

Jack: Oh, rot!

Loma (*with a smile*): Oh? (*And a shrug.*) Please yourself! (*She turns toward her table.*)

Jack (*catching her hand and rising*): Loma—I'm sorry. You're a good pal! I guess I am rather fond of Esther. (*Bitterly.*) You can see what she thinks of me.

Loma: Well, it does seem rather evident. She doesn't understand you. (*Loma puts just a touch of emphasis on the word "she."*)

Jack: And then there's the work. I wish I were playing opposite someone else.

Loma (*tactfully avoiding the obvious opening*): I wish you were, too, Jack. I don't think Esther realizes, as I do, what you are going through and what it is that's affecting your work.

Jack (*he shrinks, like the boy he is, from the implication*): Oh, it isn't that I —well—care a bit for her that sets me off. But when I play opposite her and know how she's feeling and what she's thinking, I just get jumpy and nervous. I get all churned up inside. (*He gives a little apologetic laugh for the childish way of putting it.*) If only she'd be a little more decent!

Loma (*with her smile*): I know, child —you're simply 'in love', that's all!

Jack: I don't know, Loma, wether I am or not—oh, let's forget it!

Loma: You can't solve the problem that way. You *are* in love—that's certain. (*Seriously.*) But you musn't let yourself go, Jack. She doesn't care for you and it's ruining your work.

Jack: That's it! Oh, Loma, if you knew what a damnable time I had to get this job. It's my first, you know.

Loma: Yes, I knew.

Jack: Those three years in Chicago—God, it was awful! I didn't know a soul. (*He looks past her, visualizing.*) I starved—picking up odd jobs. I wanted to act. I thought it would be easy to get something—and nothing came.

Loma: You poor boy!

Jack (*warming to her sympathy*): I guess it was tramping the streets and living on bad food and all that—I came pretty near throwing up the sponge. The chap I shared my room with—they fished him out of the river. God! He left a little note for me——

Jack (*after a pause, while Loma watches him in silence*): Then I got this chance. It was pure luck. Condell told me that if made good here I would be a 'permanent.' (*Then with passion.*) I've got to make good, Loma, that's all. I've got to make good. I'll never go back to that life. Everything or nothing with me now. But the way Esther is going on——

Loma (*she is mothering him. Her hand goes to his shoulder and steals up to his cheek*): Dear boy! I'm—sorry. Perhaps —I can help you.

He has been gazing past her, his face drawn with anxiety. The touch of her hand brings him back. He looks at her, finds himself gazing into her eyes. He stares at her, half-bewildered, for a tremulous moment. Then they drift into the inevitable embrace. He kisses her in a most unfilial fashion. They cling to each other for a moment. Jack's thoughts are chasing each other about through his head. He is surprised at what he has done, surprised, half-alarmed, hesitant about the consquences. He thinks he loves this woman.

Jack: My dear, my dear, I don't know what——

Loma (*she places a slim finger against his lips and smiles*): Hush! Everything is all right; just as it was before. You are in love—with Esther.

Jack: No, no, I'm not, Loma. Please, dear——

Loma: No?

Jack: Oh, I just thought I was. You seem to understand, Loma. I—I love you, my dear. (*He is trembling on the brink of another kiss when they hear footsteps. He turns around. Esther appears on the landing. Her appearance startles him like a dash of cold water awakening him.*)

Esther: Ready, Jack? (*He says nothing, steals a quick glance at Loma, walks quickly up the steps past Esther and disappears. Esther senses something unusual. She gazes at Loma for a moment, who coolly returns the gaze. Then, with a faint suggestion of her Mona Lisa smile and the faintest suggestion of a shrug, she turns away toward her table. Esther, puzzled and annoyed, turns and follows Jack.*)

Enter George from stage L. He saunters down, lights a cigarette, straddles a chair, and regards Loma. The woman is certainly attractive, with that luminous, darkly-gold hair of hers.

George: Those two certainly made a pretty entrance. Maybe Jack is waking up to himself.

Loma: Yes? (*She is remarkably cool.*) He can do it if he wants to. But he's such a kid. It doesn't take much to put him off.

George: He'll have to watch his step. I think Jimmy is watching him pretty closely.

Loma: That's the trouble with Jimmy. He watches everything too closely. Jack's all right. He'll come through. I'll speak to Jimmy about it.

George: That's nice of you. I say—Esther's a good scout, isn't she?

Loma: You think so?

George: Sure. She and I used to knock around a good deal together. But she gets on one's nerves after a while. She can be awfully catty sometimes.

Loma (*smiling to herself*): Yes, I've noticed that.

George: Now if she had some of your qualities——

Loma: Well——?

George: Oh, nothing. (*With the same insinuating tone.*) I say, kid, how about a run out to King's Gardens next Sunday?

Loma (*she rises and walks over to him slowly, smiling*): Georgie, will you ever grow out of it? You old masher!

George (*thus apparently encouraged*): It's a high-class place out there now, I hear. I can get Jimmy's car.

Loma: Just the two of us. We can get a canoe and hear the orchestra across the water.

George (*enthusiastically*): Sure, and they dance till two-thirty. And there's a full moon, too. And we can stop at the Blue Goose on the way back.

Loma (*sentimentally, as she quietly ruffles her hair*): A full moon! (*Then with a decided change of tone, but still quite suave and calm.*) George, you blithering idiot! I know it would be wonderfully romantic and all that, but I hardly think you'd enjoy yourself. At least, not with me.

George: Oh, but I'm sure——

Loma (*interrupting*): Are you? (*She*

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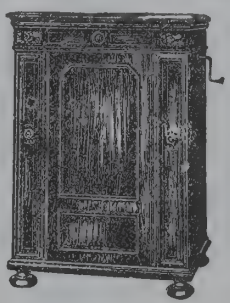

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laughs a low, musical laugh and playfully pushes his head with an immaculately manicured hand.) Go pick on little Esther. She doesn't see through you quite as easily as I do. (*She turns back to the table.*)

George rises, shrugs his shoulders, twirls his mustache, looks in the mirror, sighs and hums a snatch from "Ah, Moon of My Delight." Stevens appears on the landing.

Stevens: Cue, George.

Exit George and Stevens L, and enter Jack L. Loma is on the qui-vive, but remains at her table. Jack stops on the lower step, watching her. He has just left Esther and is troubled. Loma turns and rises. She reads his face and walks slowly to him.

Loma: Jack, dear boy, what is it? (*She puts an arm on his shoulder and looks up at him.*)

Jack (*with a mechanical laugh*): What is what? What do you mean?

Loma: Why do you always try to bluff me? You can't, you know. You weren't bluffing—before. I could see it in your face. But there is something else, now.

Jack (*embarrassed but purposeful*): No, there isn't—that is——

Loma: You meant what you said—didn't you? (*He gazes at her fascinated. Her arm steals a little farther on his shoulder.*)

Jack (*facing it like a man*): I—I don't know, Loma. You're awfully good to me, and all, but I—no, I didn't!

Loma (*she searches his face. What a dear boy he is! Of a sudden Loma is struck by a pang of genuine loneliness. The glowing youth of him! She speaks softly.*) Jack, Jack, you're such a dear fool to chase rainbows. It's only a rainbow you're following. You run on with you're eyes upon it and you stumble and hurt yourself. And when you reach your rainbow, you find it's only mist, just rain in your face. (*A pause.*) I—I care—a bit for you—Jack. (*It was a moment of indiscretion.*)

Jack (*staring over her head; he cannot trust himself to look at her; mechanically.*) "A fool there was"—guess that's me. I'm sorry, Loma. Oh, damn, I wouldn't have been such a fool if you hadn't been so sympathetic with me. You wanted to help, I know. If only you hadn't mothered me so much! I don't want sympathy; I don't want to be mothered. I can fight out my own little battles——

Loma: Jack, when you're fighting your battles—when you reach out your hand blindly and there's another hand waiting—understanding——

Jack (*harshly*): You don't understand. I wanted understanding and you didn't bring it. Do you hear—you don't understand!

Loma (*she has stepped back, her eyes wide*): Jack, do you realize—what you are implying? It's cowardly of you. Couldn't you have told me sincerely and honestly without blaming me? You *are* a coward!

Jack (*the very truth of the word stings him*): You call me—that, because I tell you the truth? I'll do more. I'll tell you the whole truth. I can see it now. What do you care for me? Just another conquest, that's all. (*With a short laugh.*) Pretty poor picking, Loma! (*Then bitterly.*) You'd take me from Esther! Take! Take! You take everything. You cannot give. You want adoration and youth. You want a creature at your feet that you can pet. You're selfish! Oh, damn, I—I musn't go on like this!

Loma can hardly believe her ears. But as ever, she regains her cool composure, and when he looks at her again she is almost smiling.

Loma: No, Jack, I wouldn't. But it's all right; you're rather worked up just now. You'll have time to forget about it. Here's your cue. (*Stevens comes in.*)

Stevens: Ready, Jack? (*Exit Jack L. Jimmy Stevens comes down himself. He and Loma walk over to the tables and light cigarettes. They sit down. Loma is still in a mental turmoil.*)

Stevens: Loma, I suppose you've noticed Esther and Jack? (*She nods.*) What the devil's the matter with them? Jack's work has gone to pieces the last few

(Continued on Page 23)

RADIO EDUCATION

Alumni of the University of Alberta and other visitors to our Alma Mater will note a new and arresting feature on the sky-line just south of Pembina Hall. Two slim, grey, lattice-work, steel towers spring from the high ground to a height of eighty feet and are surmounted by steel masts twenty feet in height with an aerial swinging between. Midway on the ground is a plain little frame structure with power wires leading into it. Such is the visible evidence to the casual visitor that the University of Alberta has seriously entered the newest field of education, that of instruction by radoiphone, or to use the common expression, is going on the air with its own broadcasting station.

When, a few years ago, radio first made its appearance, it was regarded with a feeling of mingled delight and apprehension—delight because of its capacity to lengthen the reach of entertaining and instructive effort; apprehension lest another distraction had been added to our already fevered modern life. For the first year or two educators were slow to appreciate the significance of what had happened. Entertainment took possession of the air. Broadcasting stations sprang up like magic and millions of dollars were spent on receiving equipment. In the United States, particularly, development was so rapid that soon the ether was filled with a veritable anarchy of contending waves all challenging attention. and a problem of controlling the latest invader of our peace appeared. Aerial highways ignore national boundaries, and we share with our neighbours their difficulty. The Mother Country chose the wiser plan of establishing control before the situation got out of hand.

So far as North America is concerned the air has been almost captured by interests of all sorts which have special axes to grind. Particularly are we beset by advertising of many sorts more or less cleverly designed. Religious sects have been quick to seize upon a way of spreading their views at comparatively small cost. Service agencies such as newspapers have combined commercial broadcasts with news summaries, market reports, weather forecasts and the like.

When the first novelty of the radio wore off, the question appeared of what fields of permanent usefulness were open to it. It is fairly safe to say that it is no longer a toy or luxury. Many homes would miss the radio more than any other piece of furniture. In remote corners of the Peace River district the writer has sat at dinner and listened to lectures, which brought that hitherto out-of-the-way place into instant contact with the farthest corners of the earth. Survey parties in the far north carry small receiving sets by which they take daily time signals from Calgary, hundreds of miles away.

Meanwhile, what were educational authorities doing? At an early stage some broadcasting stations tried to combine instruction and entertainment. Lecturers were employed to give addresses on many kinds of educational topics. These were interspersed with amusement features. The result was sometimes incongruous to say the least. An illustration will suffice. One program contained a serious discussion of how to control tuberculosis, which was followed immediately by a black-face minstrel skit. But universities, particularly those already interested in extension work, were watching developments closely and soon set to work. At first, individual lectures and musical programs of a superior character were introduced. Soon organized courses were presented with or without correspondence supplements. These courses were worked out for credits so that today it is possible to get a liberal education by combining radio lectures with directed reading. While the old handicap of correspondence instruction, because it lacked the inspiration of personal contact, has not been removed by radio, it has been very much lessened.

Three years ago the Department of Extension in co-operation with the Edmon-

ton Journal, began to present educational material, having the free use of the broadcasting station CJCA. With mutual satisfaction, this arrangement continued for three years. Last year nearly one hundred short lectures, on a wide range of subjects, were presented. In addition, musical programs intended to illustrate the works of great composers were put on, as well as national evenings on the feast days of the patron saints of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. But the increasing cost of broadcasting service and the consequent need of augmented income for CJCA made necessary a change in the existing arrangement. A careful investigation brought the conclusion that the University of Alberta should erect its own station and augment its service. A license was secured and the call letters CKUA were assigned. Mr. W. W. Grant, of Calgary, was engaged to install the new station, in co-operation with the technical staff of the University. Unexpected delay was encountered in the delivery of the aerial towers so that the first program was not broadcast until November 21st. By arrangement with CJCA and CHCY, the other Edmonton stations, CKUA will be on the air each Monday evening from 8 p.m. until 10:15 p.m. with a general lecture and musical program. On Thursday evening from 8:30 until 10:30 will be farmers' night. Each Thursday until May 31st there will be two short lectures on agricultural topics. These will be interspersed with musical and other features of an ertertaining character. Each Thursday afternoon there will be a woman's hour, and each Monday an organ recital from the war memorial organ in Convocation Hall. As rapidly as circumstances will permit, definite courses of instruction will be offered to supplement directed reading. A beginning will be made with a course for farm young people who are following the course outlined in connection with the University Week for Farm Young People. The next course will probably be supplementary to the correspondence course now offered in Economics and

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EDITORIAL

RUTS

IN the meandering, endless trails of twenty years ago, there was often a rut in which the hubs of the buggy-wheels scraped the grass from the edges, and the luckless driver that hoped to be haw-ed or gee-ed out of it might find himself splicing a broken buggy-tongue with binder-twine. In such a rut, the teacher grown grey or bald in service is often pictured plodding. It is difficult to understand why the teacher should be thought to be alone in the gumbo. Certainly ahead or behind is the merchant who still says to his customer, "Here's the stuff; take it or leave it;" or the contractor who builds houses like glorified packing-cases; or the doctor who reads only the jokes in the medical journal; or the politician who thinks a professor is one of the dry bones in a forgotten valley.

But slightly shallower is the rutted state of many graduates of vocational institutions and specialists' courses. The lawyer, of course, by virtue of his occupation, is compelled to reap the reward of necessity in wide reading, but what of those doctors, dentists, teachers, engineers and agriculturists, to say nothing of honor graduates in mathematics, psychology, or even English, who are obliged to confine themselves to the bare facts of the courses as undergraduates, and continue, by choice, the fault in their unfortunate thereafter? No doubt they continue to study their subjects. Some will be ahead of the times in the practice of their respective professions. One or two may even discover new glands, or develop eye-less potatoes. But random samplings will show a teacher abhorring the philosophy of Aristotle, a dentist talking "weather" to his banker-patient, and an agriculturist gaily lecturing in poor English.

Such phenomena can lead only to the conclusion that as specialists, we have lost the view of the universality of knowledge. Of course we understand that the natural sciences are an allied group, and that modern languages need a little substance of English and classics. But imagine an anatomist studying Hebrew to combat the anti-evolutionist, or a student of English puzzling over mathematics in order to compile a spelling-book graduated according to statistical difficulty; or a merchant taking a course in law to understand contracts; or a mother reading the theories of genetics, the better to train her children. And yet they seem sensible courses to pursue if the end is to be successfully attained.

The sense or nonsense of social behavior is, of course, credited or debited to education. Certainly, in respect to vocational ruts, education must be assigned the blame for a type of training which affords no clue as to how to avoid them. The teacher and the book say, "The angle ABC is equal to the angle DEF because . . .", and the child thinks of the marks on the black-board rather than of the lines between three stars. The dental student spends his hours in the laboratory preparing a set of teeth, and the professor forgets to remind him that the farmer will come back some day to get his wisdom tooth out if he can talk for a minute about the new colt. On the other hand, the educated professor in Agriculture says, "Zoology is fundamental to the study of animal husbandry; mathematics is basic to the study of field crops; and it is impossible to report clearly your findings without facility in English."

The rut may be used for direction, but the careful traveller is on the look-out for a track that avoids the sloughs and badger-holes.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Discussion of any topic under the sun will be published in this department. Published correspondence will be signed.)

The Synthetic Ammonia & Nitrates, Ltd.,
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September 29, 1927.

The Editor, *The Trail.*

Dear Sir,—I was pleased to receive the list of addresses you published in your last issue. It was pleasant indeed to glance through the list and indulge in reminiscences.

But is reminiscence the only response *The Trail* arouses? I fear so. There are but few issues of *The Trail* I should care to present to an individual who asked, "What sort of place is the University of Alberta?". There is an anniversary of Confederation, election to a seat on the Council of the League of Nations, an economic experiment in the marketing of wheat, immigration and the Britisher versus the foreigner—and *The Trail* has nothing to say. Is it true that returned soldiers are fleeing at the approach of a host of Central Europeans and deserting their homesteads to the invaders?

Mr. Editor, can we—not you alone nor the Edmonton Executive, but all of us—blaze a trail worth following, or are we lost in the bush of disinterest. If so, let us abandon *The Trail* at once. In its present form it is a damning reflection on our University.

To close without acknowledging the debt we owe to editors and executives, past and present, would be scant courtesy on the part of one who has made no contribution to our journal. A few individuals have contributed articles and reviews, and to them our thanks are due. But the establishment of a worthy journal is not an enterprise which a few enthusiastic individuals could be expected to maintain. Nor, I think, can any serious assistance be expected from the majority of our members. What is the solution? I submit the following suggestions for the consideration of alumni.

1. The central executive of the Alumni Association should invite subscriptions of $5.00 each to cover the cost of four quarterly issues of a journal of high literary merit, devoted to History, Art, Politics, Science and any other subject the editor might see fit.

2. The initiation of the scheme to be subject to the receipt of adequate subscriptions to cover the cost of publication, say $2,000, allowing $500 per issue. If adequate subscriptions were not forthcoming those received should be refunded.

3. An editor-in-chief should be appointed by the executive committee to serve for an indefinite period, the editor to be a man of proven or promising journalistic capacity, and to be selected irrespective of his address in or without Canada.

4. Initial subscribers might have the privilege of suggesting a promising man for the post, submitting a statement of his qualifications.

5. The editor should select several assistants who would be responsible to him for the collection and contribution of articles. Financial compensation of editor and assistants to be introduced as soon as possible. There should also be payment for accepted articles. The journalistic profession does not tend to early financial independence. Articles of merit will bring their author a fee when submitted to a well-established journal. Why, therefore, should we accept an author's service gratis?

These suggestions may include the nucleus of a possible scheme. It would be an achievement of some worth for the Alumni Association to foster a periodical which would reflect creditably on the University of Alberta.

Yours faithfully,
G. F. Lehmann,
(M.Sc. '22.)

Editor's Note.—A probable change in editorial policy was announced in the September issue. Mr. Lehmann's sugges-

tions are therefore welcome corroboration. Discussion is solicited. It may be added that contributions (gratis) will be appreciatively read.

Granum, Alberta,
Sept. 13, 1927.

The Editor, *The Trail.*

Dear Sir,—Do you know any alumnus, a graduate in medicine, who is looking for an opening? This town is without a doctor. The municipal district of Argyle has an office here and will pay a doctor $1,000 a year, I believe, which would be extra to his other earnings except that he would be obligated to treat indigent patients without cost to the municipality. The town pays a small sum for M.H.O. also.

Yours faithfully,
CHAS. F. CARSWELL ('15).

Sir,—Rather diffidently I suggest that Alumni who are engaged in any interesting occupation, whether marriage, hog-raising or teaching, should contribute accounts of their experience in *The Trail.* These articles need not be long. But they should be interesting and well written. The only reason I, myself, forbear to burden you with contributions is my fear of slipping into English that might not please cultured ears. But though I cannot write, I do enjoy reading, in common with quite a lot of other people. If you do not care to ask for contributions yourself, perhaps this from one who reads might have the desired result, if you should care to publish it. In that case, please withhold my name.

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TWO VISITORS

Writing about distinguished visitors to the University isn't easy. I wish I had impressed this fact upon the Editor, but now that he has made me promise to do it, the least I can do is to impress it upon the reader. For one thing, such a reveiw is very far from being news. Like boarding-house hash, it is bound to be retrospective and impressionistic and a bit apologetic.

Moreover, the distinguished visitors are sometimes undeniable bores. They address Athabasca Hall when Athabasca Hall is heavy with dinner; they talk about college as "a place where we learn to think," and they remind the students that they do not need to worry about low marks, "because we ourselves were sometimes at the foot of our class." And when the writer's most vivid memory of a distinguished visitor's address is that the seat in Convocation Hall was for fifty minutes as uncomfortable as a mediaeval rack, he finds it hard to write about such a person with tactful elegance. Lastly, when the writer, with memories of the last ordeal heavy upon his mind, plays truant altogether, he finds it very difficult to say anything at all.

However, the University has had at least two visitors this term who were certainly not bores and whom the writer can personally vouch for as interesting.

The first speaker was Mr. Philip Kerr, who at the time of the Great War held the distinguished position of secretary to Lloyd George. Mr. Kerr addressed a University audience on October 22 in the Medical building. He was under some disadvantage, in that he had to speak on two subjects which, however closely related in one respect, differ sufficiently to deserve separate discussions. The first of these was the Rhodes Scholarship system, a subject on which Mr. Kerr, as Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, can speak with authority. Before reminding possible candidates of the wonderful opportunities offered by three years at Oxford, Mr. Kerr spoke briefly on the life of Cecil Rhodes, and told of the high cultural ideals of that great imperialist. One could not but feel warm admiration for the great statesman who loved so well learning and culture and the historic university which seemed to him the incarnation of these things. The speaker was much less idolatrous than many who handle the same theme, and the only sign of deference to the empire-building tradition was the hasty and euphemistic dismissal of the Jameson Raid as one of Rhodes' "mistakes".

Mr. Kerr seemed to think it necessary to apologize for the fact that the Rhodes Scholarships were for men only. Personally I thought his avowed regrets a little too heavily gallant. Perhaps this feeling was due to his repeated references to women students as "ladies." I suppose they are too, but it did sound a bit odd. Who ever talks of "a date with a lady in Pembina Hall"?

The second topic of the address was "International Relations". This subject, so often pawed over by the charlatan and the apostle of post-war brotherly love, Mr. Kerr handled with power and sanity. He deplored the fact that the naval experts at Geneva had been so much more zealous for security than the peoples whom they represented had been for peace. He pointed out that since democracies cannot travel as the old governing classes used to do, and cannot look upon the world through a foreigner's eye, there was a great duty incumbent on the educated man and woman to take an interest in international affairs and to bring into them that sympathy without which the world will again be a shambles. Democracies can keep their own houses in order well enough; even the uneducated voter understands partially his locality's needs; but the danger-points in human society are the contacts between nations ignorant of each other's ideals and aware only of each other's power.

Mr. Kerr's treatment of the growing strength of the United States was singularly acute and fair-minded. This Power, he said, was to be in this century

what Great Britain had been in the last one. Now, Britain's wealth and power had been forces for good rather than for ill, in that they had helped to build up other countries in need of financial assistance, and there was nothing to be dreaded from the United States, provided only that it used its financial and political power with intelligence and sympathy, and thus co-operated against one of the world's worst foes, poverty.

* * *

On November 8 the University had the pleasure of listening in Convocation Hall to the first Exchange Professor from the University of British Columbia, Dr. Garnet W. Sedgewick, Head of the Departmen of English. To those students and instructors who had formerly been at U.B.C., no professor from the Coast could have been more welcome, and indeed the general impression made by his address was most favourable.

The lecture, of which the subject was "Canadian Literature", was a fearless and spirited statement of belief. The speaker frankly expressed his condemnation of the misguided literary patriots who would foster Canadian literature by self-deception and narrow provincialism. There was no real good in putting up a barrier against American magazines; in keeping out the trash, Canada might all too easily keep out the thoughtful periodicals also —and Heaven knows we need no barrier against ideas!

It could not be denied that there were many beautiful passages in Canadian poetry. But our literature suffered from the fact that we are not in the main current of the world's ideas, that the Canadian was far less cosmopolitan culturally than the Norwegian, the Dane or the Englishman. Could even the most violent admirer of Bliss Carman or Archibald Lampman say that these poets had influenced Canadian life as such a poet as Thomas Hardy had influenced the England of this generation, or for that matter, as Hardy had influenced Canada itself? Moreover, Canadian poetry suffered from a self-consciousness of tech-

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ALUMNI NOTES

Dudley F. Pegrum, '22, '24, received his Ph.D. in Economics from the University of California in August, 1927. He is now Assistant Professor of Economics in the southern branch of that university. H. R. Thornton ("Tubby"), '22, was a visitor to Edmonton and the University during August, on his way to Fargo, N.D. R. M. Baker, '24, says, "If any of our alumni ever happen to be in this part of the country we shall surely be glad to see them." J. O. C. Kirby, '26, taught school near Castor, Alberta, after graduation, then returned to B.C., where he was called to the Bar. He opened an office of his own in Vancouver in April, '27. G. D. Misener, '12, '22, received the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy last spring. His dissertation, "A Standard Score for Educational Measurements," is available "for those interested" at the rate of $2.00 per copy post paid. L. H. Nichols, '25, and D. K. Froman, '26, spent the summer at the University of Chicago. They report that S. M. Blair, '24, is now in Trinidad with a British oil company. R. S. Woodford, '27, spent the summer with a prospecting party in the Finlay River district of Northern B.C. It is hoped that if G. R. Porte, '15, of Vancouver, sees this note he will send in his full address. Mary E. ("Libbie") Lloyd, '12, writes appreciatively of the directory issue from Waskatenau, Alberta. After a motor trip through New England and Quebec, F. J. Batson ,'20 (310 Voorhees Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.), says: "We visited all the large colleges. None have better buildings and very few better equipment than our own Alberta. We should feel justly proud." Rev. S. Bainbridge, '21, '23, has resumed his former work in the ministry of the United Church at Chipman, after two years of high school teaching, and remarks: "Every man to his job!" Jean H. Williamson, '26, succeeded Helen Beny, '24, as secretary to Dean Kerr. Rev. Wm. Forshaw, '17, '25, writes: "I am glad to be kept in touch with my olds friends of University days. For three years I have been happily living in San Diego and have had charge of the Plymouth Congregational Church." Helena D. Keith is teaching English in a Montreal high school. Myra K. Austin, '27, reports having seen Rose Clutton, '26, at the School Fair. The Secretary hopes to receive more news from the ladies during the next few months; these notes are distinctly lop-sided.

* * *

This all-too-brief note from G. R. Stevens, '15, Canadian Trade Commissioner to South Africa, arrives on Nov. 21: "Have made an overland trip through Africa and have written an unremarkable book about it; have two intensely noisy sons; have become, I fear, a permanent expatriate; and have given up waiting for the next war." Long may you wait, old-timer!

* * *

So far each branch has held one meeting. Hon. J. F. Lymburn addressed the Edmonton branch on Saturday, November 5th, at a luncheon meeting at the Corona Hotel. The President, Alan Harvey, announced that a recital by Miss Kahtleen Parlow, probably in Janutry, 1928, would be sponsored by the branch.

About sixty-five members of the Calgary Branch met in the Board of Trade rooms on Wednesday, Oct. 19th. A committee of five was selected to arrange for the Christmas dance, and Clarence Manning was appointed publicity manager for *The Trail* for Calgary. The members decided to co-operate with the Canuck Club in taking charge of the Calgary visit of the Maritime debating team. Our scribe remarks that most of the speakers were of the legal profession.

THE SECRETARY.

Births and Marriages

(Notices of Births and Marriages and Obituary Notices should be sent to Greta Simpson, University of Alberta, Edmonton.)

BIRTHS

OWEN—At Edmonton on Saturday, October 1, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Owen, 10410 University Avenue, a son.

JOHNS—At Ottawa, on November 6, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Johns, a daughter, Mary Cicely.

WHITMAN—At Hamilton, on July 28, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Whitman, a daughter, Yvonne Narice.

MARRIAGE

RINGWOOD—TALLMAN — At Edmonton, October , 1927, Eileen, only daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Ringwood and Mrs. Ringwood, to Frank Ford Tallman, M.D., son of Mr. and Mrs. Tallman, of Red Deer. Dr. and Mrs. Tallman have made their home at Ponoka.

HENRY—KENT — At Bentley, Alberta, on June 15, 1927, Miss Jean Kent, of Lacombe, to Dr. Wm. Henry, B.A. '21.

STUTCHBURY—BOAKE — At Edmonton, Sept. 28, 1927, Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. C. Boake, of Edmonton, to Ewart W., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stutchbury, of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Stutchbury will reside at Westlock.

BELL—BELL—At Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C., Sept. 15, 1927, Mildred Hazel ('26), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bell, of Victoria, to Dr. W. W. Bell, son of Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Bell, Vermilion, Alberta.

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"12-FOOT" DAVIS

(Continued from Page 3)

stead of candles had been sent. He added that under the circumstances he had not felt the loss of the candles.

At any rate, it's something to at last come to rest in your desired haven, and to have your name and virtues live forever more upon the hilltops to the north. Something pagan, in the old classic sense, perhaps, in choosing as a last intimate the spot of earth you have loved so well in life; and a curious mixture of the Homeric, Elizabethan, and the naiveté of the frontiersman in the epitaph.

F. A. Morrison.

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CLICHE

(Continued from Page 12)

weeks. He's no good at all. Esther's work is all right, but she seems to be raising a lot of trouble back-stage.

Loma: Yes, Jimmy, she is, but I think it's just a case of nervousness.

Stevens: You think so? I thought it was something more than that. I've watched stage women for a long time. Girls of her type, though they are always free and easy in their attitude toward men, yet when they really fall for some chap, they become reserved, moody and nervous. Seems to me a plain case of falling in love.

Loma (*she studies the floor, half turning away from him.*) No, Jimmy, you are wrong there. Who can it be? It's certainly, most certainly, not George. You yourself have seen her attitude toward Jack. And, if you'll pardon my saying so, I don't think it's yourself.

Stevens (*with a smile*): No, I don't think so, either. But Jack—is it her influence—that's throwing him off? That's what I'm wondering.

Loma: Don't ever think it, Jimmy. Come now, confess. I know you pride yourself on your ability to pick good workers. But you've drawn a blank this time. Jack flared up all right at the start, but he sputtered and went out. He can't stick. Of course, I like the boy and don't want to say anything against him, but——

Stevens: Hm-m. If you're right, he's got to go. But somehow, I hate to let him go. He's worked hard.

Loma: Will all the work in the world make an artist out of a day-labourer?

Stevens (*surprised at her vindictiveness*): Huh, you're rather hard on him!

Loma (*realizing her mistake*): Oh, no, I didn't mean it just that way. He's fine really; what I meant was that he hasn't it in him to become a really fine actor.

Stevens: Yes, I think you're right there. If he's a blank, the only thing to do is to let him out. Neilson could take over the part and do it well. In fact, I saw him out there tonight. (*He jerks his thumb toward the unseen audience L.*)

Loma: Well, Jimmy, I would rather hate to see him go. Of course, I suppose the work come first. He's a fine chap, but——

Stevens: But—what?

Loma: Oh, nothing.

Stevens: Hm-m. (*He watches her closely.*)

A burst of clapping is heard off L.)

Stevens: There's your curtain call, Loma. (*Loma exits L.*)

Stevens sits pondering; the clapping is renewed; then he rises, with an air of finality and exits L, passing George and Loma on the steps.)

George: I say, Loma, Jack picked up wonderfully well in that act. Did you say anything to him?

Loma (*carelessely*): Oh, no—he's just erratic, that's all.

They are taking off their makeup at their tables.

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George (*scrubbing his face with a towel*): And did you speak to Jimmy about Jack?

Loma (*after a pause*): Yes—I did. Why?

George: I was wondering. You have quite an influence with His Nibs. It will certainly smooth things out for Jack. I imagine it's rather important for him to hang on to this berth. Guess he had a run of hard luck before he got this.

While he is rambling on, Jack appears on the landing behind the curtain. He stops, listens a moment to George's talk, then turns and looks back. Esther comes. She tries to pass him, but he blocks her way and takes her hand forcing her to look at him.

George (*continuing*): Y'know, Jack is an awfully decent chap. O' course, he's young, just a kid, but he'll make good. He's got more sand than I ever had. He can act, too, when he hasn't something to bother him. Sensitive sort of chap——

Esther and Jack, screened from the others, gaze into each other's faces for a long moment, a moment full of revelation. Then Jack catches her fiercely and kisses her again and again. She remains passive in his arms. Then slowly and quietly they come down the steps, without a word, and, each divining the other's mood, walk over to the entrance rear and slip out through the canvas. George, busy with the business of removing makeup, doesn't notice them. He has started to hum the song that has been running through his head all evening. But Loma has seen. She pulls the towel from her neck and sits there, watching the floor, thinking. George powders his face, twirls his mustache, puts on hat and coat and starts for exit L. He stops in front of Jack's and Esther's tables.

George: Wonder where those kids have gone? (*He turns off the lights at their tables and exits L.... Loma comes out of her reverie, adjusts her hair and powders her face. Stevens comes in from L, and comes over to Loma.*

Stevens: Where's Jack?

Loma: I'm sure I don't know, Jimmy.

Stevens: Hm-m. Thought I'd let you know. I just saw Neilson a moment ago.

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I told him he could start Monday.

Loma: You did? And Jack's through?

Stevens: Jack's through! He gets his notice in the morning.

Loma: But, Jimmy, he'll be out of luck; why, he'll——

Stevens (*with a dry smile*): Hm-m. You haven't fallen for him yourself, have you?

Loma (*startled*): Oh, don't be silly. (*She laughs mechanically*). He's only a boy.

Stevens: Boy or no boy, he's got to produce results or get out!

Loma: Oh, well.

There is the suggestion of a shrug, again. She puts on a little felt hat and takes her cloak. Stevens assists her. She turns off her light and walks slowly to steps L, mounts them, then turns and looks at Stevens across the room. She gives him just a little smile, then turns quickly and vanishes. Stevens stands a moment, looking at the floor, then takes his hat and coat over his arms and exits L. The only light left burning is at George's table. The nasal voice of George is heard off L, singing "Ah, Moon of My Delight." He comes in. He has forgotten something, and rummages on his table for it, still singing. Lightly the muted violins take up the theme. George finds the lost article, turns out his light and goes out. The song trails away faintly into the darkness. A minor note creeps into the theme of the violins as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

TWO VISITORS

(Continued from Page 19)

nique and lack of passion; our poets cared more for a turn of phrase than for the deep underlying emotion without which poetry is a lifeless thing.

Yet there was no need for pessimism. As heirs of a great literary tradition, Canadians would eventually contribute worthily to English literature. Universities could do little to hasten the day of fulfilment, except in so far as they helped to build up a cultural environment that would stimulate thought by a study of the world's masterpieces, past and present. Canada must be more, not less, hospitable to the ideas of other times and lands.

Finally Dr. Sedgewick read out a poem by a Canadian author which seemed to him to strike the note of greatness that justified his hopes. The speaker closed a stimulating and sincere address with Bliss Carman's lovely lyric, "Low Tide on Grand-Pré", and as he reached the closing lines, full as they are of poignant human longing,

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam;
In grief the flood is bursting home,

the audience realised that the very sharpness of the speaker's previous criticisms had arisen from a deep and sincere faith in the future of Canadian literature.

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(Continued from Page 14)

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A. E. Ottewell.

CAMPUS CHATTER

At a meeting of the selection committee on Monday evening, Nov. 28, in the senate chamber of the University of Alberta, Ronald Martland was chosen as Rhodes Scholar for the province of Alberta for 1928. He is the son of John Martland, city architect for Edmonton.

Ronald Martland received his public and high school education in Edmonton, taking all available prizes while attending school. He entered the University in 1923, and registered in Arts and Law.

At University Mr. Martland has had a brilliant academic record. He won the Governor General's medal in the two years that he competed for it, and also the Carswell prize for two years in succession.

Swimming is Ronald Martland's sport, and he has won the prize given by the Swimming Club of the University of Alberta. He has been secretary of the Literary Association and a member of the Students' Council. Last year he was clerk of the Students' Court, and this year he is president of the Law Club of the University. Mr. Martland is a brilliant speaker and debater. Last year he was a member of the inter-university debating team that won the championship against the University of Manitoba.

Ronald Martland is the thirteenth Rhodes Scholar to be chosen from the province of Alberta. After taking his degrees at the University of Alberta next spring, he will proceed to Oxford in the fall of 1928.

The covered rink—or perhaps you have not heard of the covered rink? It is a modest frame structure situated at the corner of 87th Avenue and 113th Street; modest, because it has retired so far from the haunts of man. And yet not so modest, for it has filled the sport columns of the Journal and Bulletin for these many moons past. Besides, "The Covered Rink Committee" has discussed it lengthways and sideways in many well-fumigated sittings. It may be added that much of the discussion hinged on its retiring modesty. This winter it will be used to skate on. Sometimes hockey games will be played there, and perhaps it is not too much to say that "the brand of puck-chasing likely to be dished up by the sharpshooters of the Knowledge Mill will knock you for a row of cock-eyed assistant professors." Season tickets sell for $2.00 to University students (skating privileges only).

* * *

Those of us who remember the sheet of ice that used to lie behind the Medical Building, and later in front, will ruminate with envy on the modern conveniences of the modern student. It is very likely that we shall tell our children tales of how we braved the frozen blasts in order to get exercise in order to study in order to pass our examinations in order to make money in order that our children might have those modern conveniences we did without. Boasting like the pioneer raconteur, we shall tell of the one-piece band that did duty as an orchestra, and how we thought ourselves well-off. It may be that we shall tell how we were the only skater on the ice. And we won't be far from wrong. And then our children will rsie up and say with truth, "Yes, mamma, but who built the covered rink?" And we shall remember with shame that it was the modern student.

* * *

Financially, rugby was a great success. At least, it should have been; the crowds would have delighted the eye of old council budget-makers. The games were insured, too, against rain, snow and sleet. It was unfortunate that the spec-

tators had not been insured also, against disappointment. The first home game, against Saskatchewan, was mostly a wild scramble for fumbled balls; and when the ball did come into possession of a player, he carried on his face that pained expression as if to say, "What shall I do now?" The second game at home was played against Manitoba. The first two quarters showed splendid rugby; then Manitoba ran up a number of points and Alberta morale died piteously of broken heart. On their two visits, Alberta won at Saskatchewan and was defeated at Manitoba. Thus the standing in the new Intercollegiate Rugby was: Manitoba 4. Alberta 2, Saskatchewan 0. It must be pointed out that rugby consists fundamentally of material, and coaching. This year the material was good.

* * *

The Western Canada intercollegiate track-meet was entertained this year by Alberta. If Alberta was unhappy in her rugby, she was most fortunate on the track. Although she did not win the meet, she had the satisfaction of knowing that the score teeter-tottered between Alberta and Manitoba all day, and that Alberta lost by a scant three points only because the day died with Manitoba on the teeter and Alberta on the totter. Saskatchewan trailed the leaders by some forty points. Alberta won the women's track and the women's individual championship.

* * *

If the Dramatic Society can find a few hundred dollars somewhere, it is intended to produce a Shakespeare this year. That's the way it goes. Not money—life. Aided and abetted by a "cultured" staff, the students spend $20,000 and build a temple to Athletics, while those who hanker for spiritual food must go beg it.

* * *

Societies and clubs now furnish out the class-rooms in every corner of the Arts Building. It is rumored that some students may soon be clubbed to death. The latest fashionable bauble to deck out Liberal Arts is the German Club.

THE TRAIL-END

Thanksgiving is safely over and there is still a while before Christmas. We say "a while" because we don't want the editor to know exactly when we are writing this. After reading his story about ruts, we feel that the only way we could be successful in getting a fruity article done on time would be to take a combined course in Agriculture and Commerce. Anyway, we learn in this issue that we can make mistakes just to afford readers the satisfaction of making corrections. We'll try that on the editor. Maybe he'll hit us with a brick-bat or black-jack.

If he does, we'll let Mr. Hewelcke clean up on him—he has a kitchen sink and a drain all ready. We wonder why the hero didn't wash Anushka's hair instead of cutting her throat. He could have slipped a few clean hairs up his sleeve. Only a very clean hair (after a lemon-shampoo

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—you know, girls) squeaks, an attribute most necessary, we think, to a violin bow.

There seems to be a lot of hair in this issue. Now, if Loma had had Anushka's hair, what would Nicholasitchky have done—no, what would George and Jack and Stevens have done? We should like to know this Loma person. Someone must know her. Those female du mondes or female dux mondes (we have to get a French dictionary anway, to look up "Cliche") are sometimes quite interesting. Perhaps we can find her some Thursday afternoon when it is woman's hour over the radio, listening to a lecture on how to dye hair darkly-gold.

But no ladies are to listen in on these Thursday-afternoon programmes. Only women. Because Mr. Riddehough says that women are only *supposed* to be ladies, and it would be terrible to crowd out some qualifying person. And we hear of violent admirers of Carman and Lampman. Dear, dear! Surely that is too strong a word. Anushka's boy friend, for instance, was violent.

Quite in contrast with the present bliss of "12-Foot". Wasn't it Davis they hung to a sour apple tree? But we mustn't contradict a judge. Whatever Davis it was, sure he's laughing about the candles now he knows the joke. It's a joy to find someone who gives custom-bored places the glamour of Kipling's "hill-tops to the north".

THE TRAILER.

CONTRIBUTORS

His Honor F. A. Morrison is Judge of the Judicial District of Stettler, and resides in Edmonton. His chief hobbies are Human Nature and the Burns Club. Both of these result in frequent expressions of a literary nature.

Geoff Hewelcke is a member of the editorial staff of *The Morning Leader*, Regina. He lived for a number of years in Russia and Asia Minor. Lately he has spent some time at the University of Alberta, studying and writing stories, some short and others shorter.

A. L. Horton is publisher and editor of *The Vegreville Observer*. Mr. Horton has succeeded in building up a publication which ranks as one of the three or four best weekly newspapers in Alberta.

J. D. Cornwall is an honors English student at the University of Alberta, and president of the Dramatic Society there. He has spent a number of years on Chautauqua circuits, where he acquired an interest in the portmanteau production of drama.

A. E. Ottewell is director of the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta. Due to his foresight and industry, the Department of Extension is one of the most progressive institutions in Alberta. In diversity of material and out-of-the-way corners to which it is distributed, the Department of Extension compares favorably with any similar institution on the continent.

Geoffrey Riddehough is a lecturer in the Department of English, University of Alberta. He is a graduate of the University of British Columbia.

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